



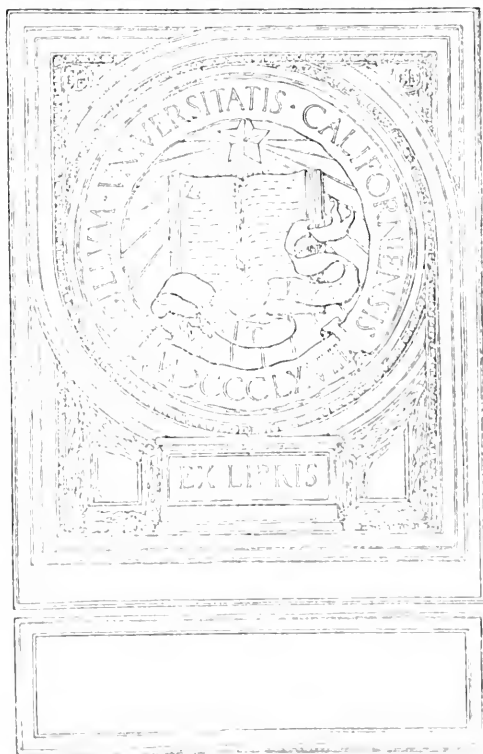
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Religious Beliefs

A MUSICALL
CONSORT OF HEA-
uently harmonie (com-
pounded out of manie
parts of Musicke)
called
CHVRCHYARDS
CHARITIE.



Imprinted at London, by
Ar. Hatfield, for William
Holts.

1595.



TO THE RIGHT HONORA-
 ble ROBERT DEVEREVX Earle of Essex
 and Ewe, Vicount of Hereford, Lord Ferrer of Chartley,
Barcher and Louaine, Master of the Queenes Maiesties horse, —
 Knight of the noble order of the garter, and one of
hir Maiesties honorable priuie Counsell — Thomas
 Churchyard *wisheth increase of all wished —*
honor, happines of life, worlds good —
will, and euerlasting —
fame. —



Greater boldnes cannot be
 committed (Right Honora-
 ble) than to present Pam-
 phlets and Poetrie to noble
 Counsellors that gouernes
 a publike state, though in all
 ages reasonable writers, that kept an orderly
 compasse, were suffered in verse or prose (so
 their inuentions were not farced ful of vanitie)
 to shew good will in the dedication of some
 honest labors, to such honorable personages,
 as was woorthie of any good volumes; or in
 the woorth of vertue, excelled the waight and
 value of numbers, that neither merits lauda-
 tion, nor shew no sufficiency to be saluted with
 a booke. But what I see and the world reports

THE EPISTLE

of your Lordship, makes me somewhat hardie to offer a present, yet simplenes of spirit and want of profound learning, hath so muffled my muses, that they dare not speake, nor I presume to write, neuertheles thinking on your twenty fold honorable father (my great good Lord) matchlesse in our world, that caried in his breast the feare of God, and wan with his life the loue of men (so noble was his minde) I stood nothing discouraged, bicause a soldier like noble sonne of his is left aliue, to follow the steps of so stately a father, and to shine aboue and beyond the course of thousands in this time, or is likely to come after this age. To treate of particulars in that behalfe, I should presume too far, and vnadvisedly come too short of matter fit for this cause. Wherefore I am to leaue those deepe considerations, and drop into the shallownes of mine owne studies, that brings forth a booke of the coldnes of charitie, bicause a great noble man, told me this last wet sommer, The weather was too colde for Poets. On which fauorable words, I bethought me
that

DEDICATORIE.

that charitie in court and all the world ouer,
was become so cold, that neither hot sommer,
seruent fire, nor heate of sunne could make
warne againe, in that comfortable sort as our
forefathers haue felt it: so my good L. follow-
ing that onely theame of cold weather (being
apt to take any theam) to write on, in as sweete
a phrased and termes as I may deuise (putting
in the praise of Poets withall) I smoothly passe
ouer (without bitter speeches) the corruption
of this world, and disguised maners of men,
riding by the new fanglenes of a multitude,
and not dashing any ones infirmitie, with blot
of disgrace, or blemish of credit, hoping the
best sort shall stand pleased with, howsoeuer
the woorst (happily may be touched) do of
meere malice, wrest awry the honest meaning
of a plaine writer. For the dutifull regard, to-
wards the purchasing of your L. fauor hath so
sifted euery word and sentence, that no one
verse or line shall bee offenseue to a sounde
iudgement and good construction. And for
that now (by reason of great age) my wits and
inuentions are almost wearied with writing
of

THE EPISTLE, &c.

of bookes (this being one of the last) I tooke this taske in hand, at large to dilate somewhat of Charitie, which would to God I had as great power to reuiue, as the world hath occasion to remember. Thus ouer-bold to trouble your L. so long with the reading of so simple an Epistle, I proceed vnder your honorable suppartation, to my purposed matter, wishing your L. euerlasting fame, credit, and honor, most humbly at commandement,

THOMAS CHVRCHYARD.

AN EVERLASTING MEMORIE OF CHRISTIAN

comfort to the Queenes most
excellent Maiestie.

O Graſhous dame, in whose graue iudgment great
The heauens hie, lies open plaine to sight
The earth belowe, takes from thy regall seat
(In darkeſt daies) his hope and cleereſt light.
For at thy feet, a world of woorthies fall-

ELIZABETH, a monarke to them all.

An Empreſſe heere, three kingdoms ſhowes vs plaine
On which three realms, our Queen may rightly raine.

O treble Queen, the ſweete and higheſt part
That we like beſt, and ſhrilleſt voice doth ſound
The onely meane, to ſhew deepe muſicks art
Where all the ſkill; of well ſet ſong is found.

Grant ſilly man, a grace that meanes to ſing
Of heaunly loue, and of none other thing.

He ſings of peace, a ſong ſhould lull aſleepe
The ſelleſt ſeends, and fearfull bugs below

Peace charms with words, the wolfe that wearies theep
That neither lambe, nor kid aſtraie ſhall goe.

For as the hen, hir chickens keepes from kite
So charitie, doth ſaue hir children all

From common plagues, and wicked worlds deſpite

A

And

And all the wrath, that from the clouds can fall.
She spreads hir wings, to keepe hir birds from cold
And learns poore chicks, to picke vp graines of gold.
This charitie, so checkles ore hir broode
She scrapes the earth, to make hir yoong ones feed
And freely from, hir selfe doth spare them foode
She takes in hart, such care for those that neede.
If charitie, were not the onely nurse
To nourish vp, each thing that life doth beare
This backward world, would grow from ill to woorse
And brutill folke, would banish loue and feare.
Warne Christian loue, as long as life doth last
Doth bide the shooke, and brunt of eurie blast.
And kindled once, in any princely hart
It burnes and flames, as hot as Æthna hill
Creepes throw the vains, and nerues in euerie part
Cannot be quencht, with water, wth nor skill.
A heaunly grace, maintains a heaunly loue
Each thing diuine, diuinely is set foorth
Planted like rocke, that nothing may remoue
Garnisht like gold, or perle of greatest woorth.
The charitie, I meane is garded so
And for hir faith, through fire and aire may goe.
But what is that, to him that sings a song
Of twenty parts, when he one voice must sound
Presumes to tell, a tale perchance too long

To

To sacred eares, whose iudgement is profound
Singhie or lowe, how ere the tune he takes
For one small iar, the song begins againe
No shift may serue, for concord musicke makes
Most harmonic, consists in pricksong plaine.
Diuision doth, but teare in peeces small
The minnems long, and little crotchets all.
Full softly blowes, a quiet calmie winde
A still milde voice, doth please the hearers well
No note nor ring, so much contents the mind
As solemne sound, of cleere sweet siluer bell.
O that my muse, might get so great a grace
As credit win, throw any sound it shoes
I die to see, one fearfull frowne of face
VVhere these meeke words, and humble verses goes.
Now mirthles song, begin thy new found note
As strange a straine, as any eare hath hard
If world would learne, to sing the same by rote
Good charitie, should grow in more regard.
Play well thy part, so shall the greatest smile
And meanest sort, of force be pleasd the while.

Your Maiesties most humble seruants,

Thomas Churchyard.

What song should please, a sacred princes eares
Which likes no tunes, but musick sweet & sound
Weake were my muse, to offer sighes and teares
Where ioyfull mirth, and gladnes doth abound
But troubled mind, that rowles on restles ground
In sorrow sings, the secrets of the hart
Because sad man, can sing no sweeter part.
O charitie helpe.

Of charitie, that makes a solemne noies
A strange consort, I hope well tunde I bring
Of heauenlie loue, that passeth earthlie loies
In formall wise, a true set song I sing
Would God the sound, through al the world might ring
That charitie, which ech one ought to keepe
Might waken now, that long hath laine a sleepe.
O charitie helpe.

Shee hath bin brought, in slumber sundrie waies
With lullabie, as nurse doth rocke hir childe
The cradle gaie, of pleasant nights and daies
With too much ease, hath charitie beguilde
And now God wot, the world is waxt so wilde
That charitie, must needs make ech thing tame
That wilde discord, hath brought cleane out of frame.
O charitie helpe.

Pity and ruth, are fled or banisht quite
And in their place, comes rigor rudelic cled
Godlie remorse, is drown'd in worlds delite
Good consence feares, that charitie is dead
Loue looketh downe, and hate holds vp the head
Troth barelie liues, and tretchrie thrines apace
Deserts doth starue, and meanewell hides his face.
O charitie helpe.

Franknes

Franknes is blinde, affection dims his sight
Largnes is lost, hardnes supplies his place
Wrong runs so swift, it ouer-gallops right
Goodnes limps downe, and halts in many a case
Do well doth droupe, or walks with muffled face
Vertue and vice, now wraistles for a fall
And so the strong, will thrust the weake to wall.
O charitie helpe.

Stoutnes with strength, strikes flat the feeble force
Downe is kept downe, and neuer like to rise
Malice and might, rides both vpon one horse
(Sir Packolets nagge, that gallops through the skies)
Iudgement growes grosse, ore weening wanteth eies
Will is a wagge, waste hath the wager woon
For all the date, of our redresse is done.
O charitie helpe.

Loyaltie weeps, and flatterie laughs and smiles
Goodwill is scornd, and puts vp many a raunt
Pouertie is plagude, or ouermatcht with wiles
Plainnes complains, but pride bids him auaunt
Crueltie the curre, with crie of hounds will chaunt
But bandog bites, full sore before he barke
And craft the carle, still iuggles in the darke.
O charitie helpe.

Friendship lookes pale, it hath an ague fit
Fauour is faint, and lame it cannot go
Finenes is false, and full of subtile wit
Faith giues faire words, and breaketh promis so
Constancie reeles, and staggers to and fro
Charitie must needs, reforme these follies strange
That by abuse, doth noble nature change.
O charitie helpe.

Dutie

Dutie doth die, to driue on diuelish drifts
Stubbornes striues, to wrangle for a strawe
Cunning long liues, by cunage and by shifts
Disorder thriues, with neither rule nor lawe
People growes proud, without true feare or awe
If suffrance see, these prancks and hold his peace
Goodnes decaies, and badnes shall encrease.

O charitie helpe.

If charitie be, the foode or fruite of faith
Where bloomes that tree, where doth those branches
True charitie sure, as wisest people saith (bud
Is working still, and euer doing good
Loue helps our health, as life maintaines the blood
But where no helpe, nor succour we may finde
There charitie, is almost out of minde.

O charitie helpe.

If through my faith, great mountaines I may moue
And can raise vp, to life the dead from graue
That withred faith, brings foorth no fruite of loue
It gaines no grace, what euer hope I haue
If charitie be, the thing which good men craue
God graunt that I, and all that heares the same
May sing that song, like Sidrack in the flame.

O charitie helpe.

My humble hart, hopes now but for dispatch
Of life that wastes, away like candle blase
The clocke will stricke, in haste I heare the watch
That sounds the bell, whereon the people gafe
My forces faile, my wits are in a mase
My corps consumes, my skin and bones doth shew
The soule is glad, the bodie hence shall go.

O charitie helpe.

Truth

Truth waited long, on your sweete sacred raigne
To catch some crums, that from your table fals
I sowe in teares, and reaps but bitter paine
That makes sicke soule, lie groning by the wals
Where hands a crosse, for helpe to heauen calls
So sucks vp sighes, and sorrow of the minde
As boyling brest, blowes fast for aire and winde.
O charitie helpe.

My muse doth muse, how labour lost his time
And seruice great, doth get so small regarde
I neuer thriude, by prose nor pleasant rime
Nor could in world, be any way prefard
An open signe, my thankles hap is hard
Yet numbers of, my verie name and race
By prince in court, were cald to woorthie place.
O charitie helpe.

I am the Drone, that bees beats from the hiue
The vglie Oule, that kites and crowes do hate
The drawing oxe, that clounes do daily driue
The haples hinde, that hath the hatefull fate
(That weares ail sutes, and seasons out of date)
If destny so, alots men such hard chance
They passe the pikes, that fortune will aduance.
O charitie helpe.

My passage is, like one that rides in post
Through water, fire, and all the hazards heere
And so draws home, a weary grisly ghost
Whose losse of youth, buies loathsome age too deere
Now coms account, of daies, of houres and yeere
My debts are stald, as oft bare bankrouths be
The graue paies all, and sets my bondage free.
O charitie helpe.

The .

The wo of wars, and pride and pompe of peace
The toile of world, and troubles here and there
And churlish checks, of fortune I release
Their heauie crosse, I can no longer beare
In peeces small, my scribbled scrowles I teare
So flinging verse, and bookes before your feet
I craue some crownes, to bie my shrouding sheet.
O charitie helpe.

All hope is gone, of any earthly hap
The axe is come, to giue the falling blow
Downe flies the bowes, the tree hath lost his sap
Vp to the clouds, like smoke the breath shall go
A sillie puffed, of winde ends all this wo
O grauous Queene, then some compassion take
Before my soule, this combrous caue forsake.
O charitie helpe.

If nothing come, of seruice, sate and troth
True man must trudge, and leaue his natiue soile
Abroad the world, to see how fortune goth
In any place, where faith is free from foyle
Heere with vaine hope, my selfe and life I spoile
First lost my youth, so time and all is gone
Age findes no friends, nor helpe of any one.
O charitie helpe.

Of charitie, a great discourse is made
Vnto an Earle, I honor in this land
It is not hid, nor sits in silent shade
Would God it were, in your faire blessed hand
There lies the notes, as thicke as is the sand
And there I sing, three parts in one at least
And in sweete sound, true musicke is exprest.
O charitie helpe, or else adue the pen
For I must march, againe with marshall men.

F I N I S.

To the generall Readers.

IF ought amisse, you finde good Reader heere,
His fault is it, that sings ne sweete nor loud:
When he caught cold, and voice could not be cleere,
Because ech nose, is cloyed under cloud,
He crand no helpe, nor stole from no mans song,
One peece nor part, of musicke any waie:
Ne sembreeffe, breefe, nor yet ne larke nor long,
For he hath skill, in deskant some men saie,
And on the base, can make three parts in one,
And set new songs, when all the old are gone.
Though some beleene, but hardly that he makes,
These things or that, which seemes far past his reach,
Tush though old head, and hand with paulsie shaks,
Let no ill will, plaine writers pen appeach:
If you do lone, no wrong giue ech man right:
Reb not the iust, of any praise well won,
Way not mens worth, with waights in ballance light,
For truth is truth, when all is saide and don:
You may as well, say white and red is blacke,
And Sun and Moone, are Steele and marble stone:
As say or thinke, behinde a writers backe.
He borrowed that, which he claimes as his owne:
O giue men leaue, to father their owne childe:
Let it be foule, or faire as babies are,
A stubborne boye, a cracke-rope same or wilde,
Begot in haste, and brought up poore and bare:
Howe ere they be, blinde, lame, or shapt awrie,
Vglue to sight, bigge, bouldchons lowe or hie,
Those yoonglings all, the Dad can not denie,
Are his that sent, those babes abroad to nurse,
(Like orphans weake, that knowes not what to do)
With blessings great, and not with parents curse,
That shortens life, and gets Gods anger to:
Children were wont, to beare their fathers name,
Not one durst say, in earnest iest or skorne,

To the generall Readers.

(To hinder childe, of spotlesse birth and fame)
A lawfull sonne, was but a bastard borne.
Both beast and bird, their yong ones do defend,
So shall my Muse, maintaine that I have pend,
Then bring Shores wife, in question now no more,
I set hir foorth, in colours as she goes,
Sir Rafe Bowser a worshipfull knight witnesseth
where and when I penned that.
And as she went, like gallant lass before,
Sooother gyrls, as gaie and fresh as rose,
With verse haue I, set foorth in sundrie sorts,
As braue as she, what ere disdain reports,
That humor now, declines for age drawes on,
The full tide is, of fine inuention gon:
Ebbe followes flood, when vital vaines waxe dead,
Wit weares and wasset, as torch consumes with winde,
When water turnes, drie growes a flowing head:
In age ech thing, decays by course of kinde:
Yet whiles the oyle, in lampe may make a blaze,
Or candell in, the socket shewes a light,
On sparkling flame, the cleereſt eies will gaze,
And comfort finde, thereby in darkeſt night:
I yeeld to time, that like a ſiſhe cuts cleane,
All that doth grow, in ſpring or fall of leafe,
And wiſh in world, my treble were a meane,
That I might ſing, to eares that are not deafe,
A note ſhould ſinke, as deepe in ingging breſt,
As euery yet, in ſea did ancker reſt:
Songs are but like, as fancies giues them leaue,
Both well and ill, as ſounds of trumpets are,
Though Syrens voice, the hearers doth deceaue,
Mine hath no charme, but open plaine and bare,
As I was borne, ſo ſpeake I Engliſh ſtill,
To loſe my paines, and win the worlds good will,
No loſſe ſo much, as credit cracke with pen,
Nor gaine ſo great, as loſe of honeſt men.

Fare you well.

The Author to his booke.

G Onow plaine booke, where thou maist welcom find,
Walke throw the world, till friends do thee embrace:
Let foes alone, obey thy masters mind,
For fear nor threat, hide not a faultlesse face.
Win courts goodwill, the countries loue is gaind,
With wise men stay, from froward wits beware:
At plow and cart, plaine speech is not disdaind:
Sit downe with those, that feeds on hungry fare,
For they haue time, to note what thou dost saie,
Let gallants go, they will but giue a gibe:
Or take thee up, and fling thee straight awaie,
Touch not smooth hands, that vse to take a bribe,
They better like, full bags than busie bookes,
Shun from the sight, of glorious peacocks proud:
Their onlie pomp, stands all on statelie lookes,
They glowm and skoull, as weare a raynie cloud.
Giue babling toongs, good leaue to saunt and talke,
Their taste is gone, they oft take chese for chalke.
Bid scornfull heads, let true-plaine lines alone,
That harmles are, and came from lowlie hart:
Passe not in haste, to people strange vnknowne,
Least indygment swift, do take on thee the start.
And run beyond, thy reach full many a skore,
Go slowlie fourth, with thanks come quickly home:
Bring no rebuke, for that nips near and sore,
Twere better far, abroad thou shouldst not rome.
Though thou be blind, yet those that well can see,
If thou offend, will find great fault with mee.
Behaue thy selfe, as mildly as thou maist,
Like messenger, that doth his arnd aright:
Thy master must, affirme each thing thou saist.
The darkest word, at length must come to light,
Like pilgrim go, and passe throw perils all,
Take well in worth, what hap doth thee befall.

The Author to his booke.

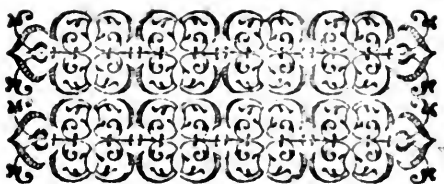
Returne no more, to me till newes thou bring,
Of praise or thanks, or of some better thing :
If none of these, this waivard world will yeeld,
Trudge from fine towne, flie to the open feild,
Where thou must passe, through thickets full of thorns,
Where pricking briars, and crooked brambles growse :
And neuer none, scapt free from scaeth or scornes,
Or scratted hands, or tearing of his close.
Where eluish apes, and marmsets mockes and mose,
And thistles are, seen sooner than a rose.
Yea thou shalt come, where nettles are good store,
Whose angrie sting, will blisters raise apace,
Slip from those weedes, and come near them no more :
For fear unwares, good words do get disgrace.
The goodlie floures, of court thou needs not feare,
For they are sweete, and meeke of nature throw,
There wisdom will, with writers humor beare :
If humbly stil, thou canst behaue thee now,
Thy masters pen, hath purchast fauour there,
Among the Dames, of faire Dianas traine,
Where beantie shines, like silver drops of raine.
In sunnie day : O booke thou happy art
If with those Nymphes, thou maist be entertaind,
If any one, of them take in good part,
A verse or word, thou hast a garland gaine,
Of glorie great, for same hir selfe must sound,
Out of their voice, looke what they do pronounce :
Like tennis ball, aloft it doth rebound,
And yeelds great weight, but not by dram nor ounce,
But heauie as, a massie pound of lead,
They wey mens worth, with praises quicke or dead.
Yea what they say, of Poets fond or wise,
Of prose or verse, that ripe inuention shooes :
As were a lame, the same thereof shall rise,
And through the world, like coin it currant goes.

From

The Author to his booke.

*From hand to hand, and so doth passage take,
Pleaſſe thou to them, for they may mend my hap :
If that of thee, ſome good account they make,
And that in ſport, they laie thee in their lap,
Vntill they liſt, to read thee curie line,
Then at wel head, ſome water drawe, I may :
For fountaine ſprings, may run cleere claret wine,
Whoſe pleaſant ſap, giues moiſture curie way.
The nimble Nymphs, that with Diana dwell,
Can quicklie turne, the cock and ſlowing ſpout :
That thouſands ſhall, bring buckets to the well
And watch their times, till comfort commeth out.
Now booke trudge hence, beſtow thy labour right
Set ſpurs to horſe, that flies in acir with wings
Mount ore the hils, and reſt ne day nor night
Till thou do come, before great Queens and Kings
Then flat on face, fall proſtrate at their feet
That may from graue, call vp thy maſters ſpree
Keepe thou theſe rules, this courſe and compaſſe hold
So may thy grace, conuert my lead to gold.*





CHVRCHYARDES CHARITIE.

WHen labring minde, and weary body both
Is cloid with world, & hart wold shake off toile
Before the ghost, to highest heauens goeth
And death of life, shall make a wretched spoile
(And man must needs, forsake this soathsome soile)
He takes some care, to make his consence cleere
Of all he thinks, or may imagine heere.

A well disposed
minde, cal's many
good things to
memorie.

First lookes he vp, where soule desires to be
Of life to come, to know what hope we haue
And where we rest, in ioie from bondage free
So soone as cold, dead bodie lies in graue
Than ere man leaues, this cruell cumbrous caue
In charitie, he waies this world aright
As far as wades, wise iudgement, skill and sight.

Good men haue
many sweet ima-
ginations.

But finding world, full fraught with fond desires
(A mightie masse, of matter therein lies)
That burns out time, and kindleth many fires
Whereon foule flames, and smothering smoke doth rise,
He lookes thereon, with heauie rufull eies,
As though some zeale, might mooue a musing minde
To pity plagues, that man must leaue behinde.

Blinde world is
fraught with fond
desires.

Who

Churchyards Charitie.

The poore estate
of people is
to be pitied.

Who doth not sigh, to see the poore opprest
By rich mens reach, that wrests awry the right
Who will not waile, the woe of troubled brest
Or sore lament, the state of wronged wight
When broad day brings, darke dealings vnto light
Who will not rue, our wretched race on earth
That keepes till death, no rule from day of birth.

The wealth hard-
ly won is easilie
lost.

The goods we win, are woorse to keepe than get
The wealth we lose, robs some of rest and sleepe
Our daily gaine, will answere scarce our det
We couet more, than wit can warely keepe
We slip from hence, as rich as new shorne sheepe
And that we leaue, in world that well was won
Is soone consumde, and spent with riotous son.

Graceles time
runs on rowling
wheeles.

Who parts from world, would wish that were not so
His charitie, commands him so to thinke
But graceles time, on rowling wheeles doth go
At whose abuse, our flyring world can winke
Vice cares no whit, if vertue swim or sinke
Ambitious mind, and malice meetes in one
So that true loue, and charitie is gone.

Christian loue
lookes to euery
thing.

Loue bids men looke, to all things vnder Sun
Beast fish, and foule, and all we see with eie
But charitie, a greater course doth run
Because it doth, in quiet conscience lie
She lookes ech where, as she had wings to flie
And houer ore, our doings on this mould
That bridle takes, and will not be contrould.

Churchyards Charitie.

3

O then to loue, and charitie I pas
Whose zeale is great, and charge is nothing small
That cleerely sees, (as in a christall glas)
The spots of face, and inward cankers all
And can in haste, vnto remembrance call
Old farn yeers past, and present things of late,
Whereof a world, of wits may well debate.

Zeale is the glas
that shewes the
spots of face.

Who can hold toong, to see bad worlds abuse
Run ore the brim, where vertue neuer floes
As hauocke had, hald vp the water sluice
Where out at large, great skuls of fishes goes
Poore pashence must, be pleas'd with painted shoes
Alms deeds are dead, no pittie now is left
For all the world, is set on sleight and craft.

Abuse runs ouer
the brim.

If pouertie, be pincht with plague or fore
He starues for food, adue the man is dead
The sound we seeke, the sicke we do abore
Full paunch eats all, the hungrie is not fed
For greedy guts, keeps needy mouth from bred
True charitie, and good deuotion old
By frost and snow, are almost kild with cold.

Full paunch eats
vp all.

Would God good works, with faithfull honest deeds
Reformd this vice, that spreads too far I feare
And faire sweete flowrs, were planted for those weeds
That doth with fraud, infect sweet soyles ech where
Fine words doth but, betraie the simple eare
As fowlers pipe, the harmles bird disleues
That lights on lyme, amid greene birchen leaues.

Faire words
make tooles
faune.

Deceit deceaues
majons of men.

If meere deceit, were banisht from our viewe
False dealing then, would bluth to shew his face
If wisdome did, disdaine vaine follies newe
Old troth in world, would claime his woonted place
But cunning wits, doth finenes so embrace
That plainnes walkes, like pilgrim to and fro
In wandring wise, and knowes not where to go.

Wealths thirst
drinks riuers dry.

Wealth hath desire, to drinke great riuers drie
His scalding thirst, cannot be quenched well
Want pines awaie, and comfortles doth lie
And water tastes, like Tantalus in hell
The needy sort, in dolour daily dwell
The haucie head, thinks skorne to turne his face
And rue the state, of naked wretches case.

A sauing world
spares nothing to
the poore.

The fields and lanes, are full of sicke and lame,
Who beg and craue, as loud as voice can crie
But sauing world, is grown so far from frame
No great remorse, remains in passers by
Hardnes holds backe, both bag and bounties eie
So that no ruth, regard nor pittie comes
From sparing hands, and graceles griping thombs.

Prisoners perish
for want of count
fort.

Our prisons all, are pestred with poore soules
Whose yelling noise, a tyrants hart may mooue
At grates they stand, and looke through peeping holes
To purchase alms, and trie good peoples loue
But penurie, doth so their pashence prooue,
With emptie wombe, and hungrie meatles mawe
They lay them downe, on boords or wads of strawe.

The

Churchyards Charitie.

5

The filly folke, in towne or cottage rude
With belly full, do seldome go to bed
And lookes as leane, as haukes that ill are mude
Which often be, with crowes or carraine fed
How should men giue, when charitie is dead
For money, meat, and clothing now is bard
From those that need, the world is waxt so hard.

Many filly foules
goes a hungrie to
bed.

How can full purse, supplie the poore mans want
When trull at home, from sheepe looks for a fleece
And master must, be sometimes all a flant
And prettie pus, my deere must haue a peece
Whose beautie staines, the faire Helen of Greece
These things are large, and long to looke vpon
By which cold cause, warme charitie is gon.

Full purse follows
many pleasures.

More reasons rise, to make men hold and keepe
The crums they catch, from Fortunes table still
For purchesars, do walke when plow men sleepe
Their sacks of corne, is seldome from the mill
They take no rest, till thrift bare budget fill
Then locke they vp, in chest their golden bags
When beggers trudge, and iet about in rags.

The purchesars
plucks all from
the poore.

Cold parts men plaie, much like old plain bopeepe
Or counterfair, in dock out-nettle still
And for their game, there is such hold and keepe
That nothing can, escape their reaching skill
Much haue yee won, when got is their good will
Tis lost againe, for one small graine of gold
Their charitie, is growne so extreme cold.

Crosse earchers
can play bopeepe.

C

They

Cunning raiseth
the price of eu-
ry thing.

They raise the price, of euery thing is bought
On tenter hookes, their ware is stretched out
Seekes all the waies, for wealth that may be sought
As for the winde, a ship is swaid about
And at a trice, they turne the water spout
So from our purse, both pence and pounds they draw
By hooke or crooke, by wrest or reach of law.

Vittles made
deere seldome
comes downe a-
gaunce.

The rate of things, rackt vp doth fall no more
Colde conshence takes, all fish that coms to net
To make corne deere, they hoord much graine in store
So they may win, some care not how they get
For eu'ry bird, they do such lime-twigs set
That no bird scapes, if it be fledge to flie
Except foresight, the suddaine danger spie.

Wicke wolues
deuours the
lambs.

No rain nor curb, nor bridle holds them in
No lawe nor rule, nor order will they keepe
Sets all abroch, to feede and nourish sin
And plaies the wolues, with lambs when yonglings sleep
Makes old folks whine, and babes in cradle weepe
And makes the rate, of eu'ry thing so scant
That some cries out, that neuer thought of want.

A diuelish dearth
destroies thou-
sands.

A diuelish dearth, is come from darke hell gate
To kill cold harts, as hands can crush a crab
That blow fals not, vpon the proud mans pate
But giues the meeke, and mildest minde the stab
Now tell I all, the secrets like a blab
As good to shew, a sore whiles wound is greene
As let men starue, before the greefe be seene.

The

Churchyards Charitie.

7

The loue of wealth, forgets both God and man
And who growes rich, sets little by renowne
To catch and hold, the world doth what it can
With endles care, in court, in field and towne
Craft keepeth vp, plaine honestie fals downe
Charitie is dead, and goodnes growes full sicke
Wisedome doth drowp, and follie is too quicke.

The loue of
wealth forgets all
goodnes.

Wealth like a worme, eats vp sweete kernels all
As cankers rust, runs into iron and Steele
Hard closed hands, that will let nothing fall
Wants eares to heare, yet fingers hath to feele
Well all is right, when world runs like a wheele
Round as a top, that scourging can abide
Swims vp and downe, and followes time and tide.

Hard hands will
part from no-
thing.

On present time and muck in mans mind is bent
On world to come, no care nor eie they cast
What coms with ease, is often rashlie spent
And what doth hap, in hands we hold full fast
As though our pomp, and pride should alwaies last
Yea thinking all, is ours that we can scrape
And still for more, do greedie gluttons gape.

Foolish world
thinks but one
present time.

The many yeers, and winters past and gone
Hath changde the kind, of grace and goodnes quite
Our bodies beares, in flesh a hart of stone
That ioined is, with faintie liuer white
Which neuer breeds, in breast one good delite
Our noughtie minds, may be the cause of this
That hath transformd, all Adams babes amisse.

Many yeers and
maners alters the
kinde of man.

The

A golden age is
turned to copper
and brasle.

The golden age, of our forefathers wise,
Is copper now, or worse than any brasle,
We quickly can, clap on a new found gife
And weare a maske, seeme shadow in a glasse
But bring no worke, nor great good thing to passe
Make shew of much, as art sets trifles forth
That proues a puffed, in substance little worth.

Words is the
worst ware that
euer was sold.

Words are the ware, that each man fers to sale
With phrascs fine, bedeckt to blinde poore sight
Fairst promise first, steps forth and tels a tale
Of bad deuice, that weies in ballance light
For at your need, performance taketh flight
And leaues in lake, the foole that words hath won
Who payes great paines, for shadowes in the sun.

Wealth weighs
downe euer
thing.

Wit did prefer, good people well of yore
Welth now with weights, doth wey the ballance down
Words and fine talke, leads world the dance before
But neither wealth, nor words wins true renown
For when the trumpe, doth giue vncertaine sown
Men will not then, prepare them for the fight
But rather seeke, to saue themselues by flight.

Words are
waues tossed
with wind.

Words are the waues, that welters on the seas
And works a froth, in colour white as snoe
Makes thousands sicke, and breeds a cold disease
To those that with, such swelling surges goe
Inconstant words, with tide will ebbe and floe
But fruitfull deeds, stands firme and fast as rocke
That bides the brunt, of euerie blast and shocke

Fine

Churchyards Charitie.

9

Fine Macheuill, is now from Florence flown
To England where, his welcome is too great,
His busie books, are heere so red and known
That charitie, thereby hath lost hir heat
Poore prisners doe, in Ludgate die for meat
Who doth for det, in danger long remaine
Must fall down flat, and seldom rise againe.

Marcheuill is
now made an
English man.

Want of charitie
hath made me
loose my pat-
ent.

Wit takes his toll, as milner at the mill
Powlfeakes the bags, of meale as he doth please
Thrusts rhousands backe, till tricksie tanker fill
Like prentise fine, that faine would take some ease
In deed there is, no fishing to the seas
But what is caught, in consence should be sold
In market place, that men might credit hold.

The milner will
be sure of his
toule.

No charitie, is found when fisher feeds
On all himselfe, and giues his fellowes none
Alas poore soules, we angle in the reeds
And catch a frog, when all the fish is gone
Bullhead and loch, lies vnder little stone
Bur stones and ticks, will breake our nets I dout
Before we bring, a dish of gudgins out.

A fine fisher
would catch all
himselfe.

The great good turnes, in court that thousands felt
Is turnd to cleer, faire holie water there
The scraps are small, that hungrie hands haue delt
Spoile cannot spare, the paring of a peare
For snatch crustrobs, almes baskets eury where
The poore so starues, or knowes not what to do
And so I feare, shall fillie suters to.

Good turnes are
turnd to faire ho-
ly water.

The

The father will
scarce speake
for his sonne.

The father scarce, will speake for his owne son
World waxeth mute, when men should do some good
The streame is stoppt, where water ought to run
We cast our nets, where fish creepes in the mud
And clime those trees, where bowes will neuer bud
We take great paine, yet no good fruit enioies
For words are wind, and fils our eares with noies.

The soldier con-
sumes him selfe
with griefe.

The soldier sits, and sighes to shake off greefe
Whose wounds in war, of right claimes great reward
Waits hard at heele, but findeth small releefe
Who least deserues, is alwaies most prefard
Who brags and boasts, blind world doth best regard
But some that lost, their blood in countries right
May kisse the post, and bid vs all good night.

A lip wise world
cares little for
a man.

What charitie, is that iudge you that can
Who sees these things, so far past all redresse
When lip-wise world, sets little by a man
What may fall out, of that a foole may gesse
Each one shall haue, his lot yea more or lesse
But charitie, and fortune differ far
Between them two, we find a mortall war.

Charitie and for-
tune differ far.

The one helps all, and loves a number still
The other hurts, or else prefers a few
And wise men find, no hold in hir good will
For she is cold, a most inconstant shrew
That with the sun, will waste away like dew
A sommer flowre, that withers in the frost
Coms softly on, and rides away in post.

Churchyards Charitie.

II

As blind of sight, as euer Cupid was
For shee looks not, on vertue any way
Nor wisdoms worth, but fauors many an asse
For his smooth face, and peacocks feathers gay
But charitie is, the only staffe and stay
To all estates, for where she stoutly stands
She sets all free, and breaketh bondage bands.

Fortune fauors
many an asse.

Forgiues great faults, and suffers many a wrong
She giues a badge, that eury christian weares
And in all worlds, hir liurey lasteth long
It garded is, all round about with teares
And she hir selfe, a branch of oliue beares
In signe of peace, and mercie mixt with grace
That pitie takes, of eury rufull case.

Charitie forgiues
and forgets in-
juries.

This charitie giues, as much as men may craue
And soone forgets, the bountie she bestowes
Takes great delight, the life of man to saue
By vertue of, good turnes that from hir flowes
Whose is sent like, the white and sweet red rose
For all hir gifts, and graces beares such flowres
That makes poore men, to laugh when fortune lowres.

Charitie hath no
end of hir boun-
tie.

On charitie, the hungrie dailie feeds
As lambs and sheepe, in fruitfull pasture liue
Shee giues few words, where shee bestowes good deeds
The more we neede, the sooner will shee giue
As corne from chaffe, is sifted through the sieue
So shee tries out, from dust and drossie the gold
As wisdom doth, the worth of men vnfold.

Charitie giues
few words but
doth many good
deeds.

This

Charitie is the
first and last that
be blessed.

This charitie, is first that fauour findes
And shall be last, that wins our worlds good will
Begot by grace, and nurs't in noble mindes
That staies and stands, vpon their honor still
Tis seen far off, as torch is on an hill
Felt near at hand, and found out by the light
Which in darke daies, doth glad ech good mans sight.

Charitie con-
quers euery
where like a
victor.

When fortunes wrath, hath wounded many a wight
She brings a boxe, of balm to heale ech sore
That makes sad mind, and heauie hart so light
It neuer thinks, on wretched chance no more
If charitie, like victor goes before
Come after hir, proud world with all thy braues
Like conqueror, she triumphs on hir slaues.

Bad life would
driue charitie in
exile.

But well awaie, and woe God wor the while
True charitie, is faintly felt or found
Shee is of late, halfe-driuen in exile
Because bad life, lets crueltrie abound
The world is full, of hollow harts vnfound
And mercie meets, with ruth scarce once a yeere
For rigors rage, doth show such churlish cheere.

Men go transfor-
med now a daies.

Men walke abroad, transform'd in sundry shap'es
More monster like, than babes of Adams brood
Fearfull to sight, like vglie owls and apes
That hath of kind, no ciuill humane mood
Tigers in prooffe, nurs't vp with woluiſh food
For fillie lambs, that doth no butcher fear
They do deuour, and in small peeces tear.

Greddie

Greedy as guls, and gapes for garbidge still,
 Rauening like woolues, that murders sheepe in folde
 Suttle as foxe, that neuer hath his fill
 Hedstrong and proud, and will not be controld
 Curriish as kite, ne gentle yoong nor old
 Such cruell tricks, doth alter so mans minde
 That long they liue, by craft and dies vnkind.

Some people are
 as greedy as guls.

Quarrels encrease, and combats haue no end
 Till blood be shed, and life and land be lost
 Some thinks the bow, were better breake than bend
 On that consair, stands mightie manhood most
 But charitie, rides then away in post
 And leaues in lash, behinde hir in some part
 A heape of harmes, and many a heauie hart.

Quarrels breeds
 mischief and
 bloodshed.

Lust liues by spoyle, like theefe that robs true men
 Desires to eate, the hen and chickens all
 Rauine and rage, prouls fast for profite then
 So gets some cheate, though it be near so small
 But lust is like, an image on a wall
 Strike out the cole, that is but blacke of hue
 Faire white and cleane, appeers blurd wall to you.

Lust is a theefe
 and robs vs of
 life.

Ore weening runs, beyond the course of wit
 Presumption then, doth set best foote before
 And boldnes knowes, not where to stand nor sit
 His lostie lookes, prouokes his pride so fore
 But when threed-bare, his bad spun cloth is wore
 The world but laughs, to see bald bayard blinde
 With painted robes, patch vp a stately minde.

Pride and pre-
 sumption is bold
 as blinde bayard.

New fanglens
is easily found
out.

In cloud vnseene, new fanglens would walke
But he is spide, by old deepe serching sight
Fine filed toongs, like parrets prate and talke
And wonder makes, of trifling matters light
This glorious crew, triumphes in moone shine night
But when cleere day, such idols doth disclose
World will point out, where eurie shadow goes.

Wilful heads
hates good
counsell.

Wilde wilfull heads, that all sound counsell hates
A careles course, of borrowed life doth lead
Whose retchles race, still argues and debates
They soone forget, good lessons that they read
But when the foot, awrie the shue doth tread
Downe goes the heele, yea seam the sole and all
And so vnwares, a man in mire may fall.

Ill custome
Breedes abuse.

And stumbling oft, makes some to snapper still
Vse mastrie breedes, and custome pleads a law
Let bridle goe, the horse will haue his will
Much water scarce, will quench hot fire in straw
A stubborne childe, that still doth backward draw
Must needes be whipt, to make him feare the rod
So we are plagud, when we forget our God.

Two plagues
past threaten
a third.

Three sundrie plagues, the wrath of God doth show
The first is past, the second you may see
The third ye wor, the world too well doth know
For that cuts downe, corne, grasse, and highest tree
The angrie cloudes will neuer calmie bee
Till better life, seaise all our showres of raine
And Gods great grace, brings sommer home againe
Shame

Shame followes pride, and death comes after sin
Then famine kills, vp thousands where it flies
They will take heed, that hath well scourged bin
And fall to mend, their liues if they be wise
But in our world, such new found fashions rise
All frames not well, looke into ech mans waies
Small charitie, is seen in these bad daies.

Shame followes
pride, and death
nipped fore.

When charitie, proud painted posts plucks downe
To God and prince, great honor shall arise
When plainnes thriues, in court and ciuill towne
Old troth will bid, farewell our newfound gife
Goodnes will come, and so aduance the wise
Dunses and dolts, shall stand beneath the bar
And pride shall blush, that doth presume too far.

Proud painted
posts are rotten
in the middle.

The least of most, makes most of his bad stufte
So leers and looks, as frighted were his wits
Is neuer well, till pride be in his ruffe
Than monarke like, on loftie seat he sits
(Whose scornfull hart, is full of froward fits)
But speaks no word, for feare that bayard blinde
Should plunge before, and yearke at him behinde.

Pride alubberly
lout, looks like
a monarke.

The wooft with best, compares and strues for place
As gold and glas, in woorth weare all alike
Beares out his brags, with scowling brazen face
That cannot blush, no more than can blacke tike
He frowns so fore, he lookes as he would strike
The crabbish earle, so curst and cumbrous is
Then when he speakes, in schoole the schollers hiss.

The wooft wid
hie hart, com-
pares with the
best.

A surly fire
swells like a
a toad.

The surly fire, sits swelling like a toad
That venom casts, on goodly herbs and floures
Not pleased well, in house nor yet abroad
Nor seemes to haue, ne quiet daies nor houres
When cheerefull folke, doth smile this churle he loures
A swarme of such, checkmates a man may see
If stagers come, where fresh fine fellows bee.

A stately stalk
thinks none like
himselfe.

The stately stalks, that will ne stoop nor bend
Will speake no word, till first yee them salure
Holds head aloft, but downe no looke will lend
Faire blossomd trees, that brings soorth no good fruit
Nay sickles sharpe, that reaps vp many a sure
Their haruest hath, cut downe the corne so cleane
They leaue in field, the poore no graine to gleane.

A craftie crue
are wiler than
the foxe.

The craftie crue, more wily than old Foxe
Runs flocking on, as sheepe to fold doth flie
Takes what they may, and giues but scornes & mocks
They want no wiles, within the winde to lie
Drains riuers vp, and drinks great fountaines drie
At first rebound, strikes backe the tennis ball
(From those that plaies) as though they would haue al.

Cunning lads are
as quicke as a
bee.

The cunning lads, that creepes through auger holes
As quicke as Bee, seekes honie enry where
Feeds body fat, but cares not for their soles
Their snatching shewes, what greedy minds they beare
Who lends the poore, ne louing looke nor care
Brings emptie paunch, to mouth vp all alone
Skornes and disdaine, to fling a dog a bone.

Preferments

Preferments were, the marks whereat we shot
But past our aime; and reach those marks do stand
For ere we draw, the bow the game is got
Or else the string, doth breake within our hand
Our plaine prick-shafts, were wont to cleave a wand
But now so blunt, and flat the heads are worne
When archer shoots, leud world laughs him to scorne.

Preferments are
not got with
shooting too
short.

They hit the white, that neuer shot before
No marke men sure, nay bunglars in their kind
A sort of swads, that scarce can shoot twelue score
Nor hath no skill, to know where blowes the winde
Lo thus you see, that fortune is but blinde
To giue them hap, whose knowledge is so bace
They scarce deserue, a simple pedlars place.

They hit the
white that haue
good hap.

Ech man prefers, his friends and seruants both
The Queenes poore men, findes few to help their hap
I praie you who, doth speake for plaine Tom-troth
Which plies them all, with curchie, knee and cap
His old crab tree, is burnd with thunder clap
Blacke are the bowes, that once grew greene and gaie
The rune of time, doth threaten his decaie.

Ech man prefers
his seruants and
friends.

How should men liue, that haue no chinks to spend
Steele now lacks strength, to strike out fire from flint
Holdfast the gnoff, will neither giue nor lend
Hope-well can get, no money from the mint
All things we haue, are set now at a flint
Nip-crust the carle, hath crept so neere the crums
That nothing scapes, from hungrie hucksters thumbs.

Hope well can
get no money
from the mint.

Some long spends
much and gets
little.

Some long waite well, spend much and little get
May be compard, to walking horse for nought
Brings many men, in danger and in det
For wit and time, thereby is deerlie bought
As when a drudge, all daie hath trulie wrought
And goes to bed, vnpleasd or paid aright
He thinks daies toile, brings beggrie home at night.

Who makes
haste to amend
any misse.

I pray you who, makes haste to mend this misse
The man in the moone, as soone as any one
By which cold signe, true loue and charities
Growne now more cold, than ice or marble stone
As dogs do striue, and snarre about a bone
So for good turnes, the people throng and thrust
So thicke God wot, we know not who to trust.

New natures al-
ters good old
conditions.

These natures new, doth argue plagues most strange
To come if now, No famine heere were had
For as we do, our old good maners change
So world I feare, hencefoorth will be too bad
When sober men, growes sauage wilde and mad
Looke for small rule, and order heere belowe
Our Iudgement daie, thereby drawes neere I trowe.

Not one doth
right, search and
you shall see.

Not one doth right, with weights when we are waid
All are as light, in ballance as a flie
For out of frame. are all when all is said
Both they below, and those that would sit hie
But chieflie such, as vse to sell and bie
All sciences, yea all of eury art
Are stept on stage, and coms to play their part.

Search

Search eury art, artificers and all
In charitie, behold them as they are
And you shall see, their confluence is so small
That nere a one, for charitie doth care
Do neither church, queer, court, nor country spare
And tell me plaine, what charitie is there
God grant these daies, true loue be any where.

Artificers
and all are light
in the ballance.

Can plagues cease then, whan eury liuing wight
His neighbour plagues, as far as powre may stretch
In ballance iust, not one man waies aright
All vse defait, and ly on gard and watch
He liues not now, that can nor scrat and snatch
Men are no saints, world is a world to thend
So folly doth, his wilfull faults defend.

Plagues will not
cease till bad life
be reformed

The man of Ind, can neuer change his skin
Nor yet the cat, of mountaine change hir hue
So those wilde buds, that euer bad haue bin
Can neuer beare, good fruit nor blossome nue
A bitter taste, will neuer go from rue
A wicked life, can shew no vertous deed
No more than may, a floure spring from a weed.

Wild buds
brings forth no
good fruit.

What keeps good course, the weather alters oft
The heaucns seeme, to shew some sodaine change
The winds waxe shrill, and loud they blow aloft
Familiar friends, for trifles gro full strange
Wit waxeth wilde, whose wont was not to range
So out of tune, ech thing is wrested now
Because abuse, corrupts good nature throw.

Neither world
nor weather
keeps good
course.

Neither world
nor weather
keeps good
course.

If sommer once, in twentie yeers growes hot
(Whose warmth reuiues, both fruit & floures ech where)
Cold winters blast, bites near the bones ye wot
Cold pleaseth few, for cold ech one doth feare
Why world growes cold, and cold is hard to beare
Cold weather makes, warme confluence cold I troe
So charitie, and goodnes cold doth growe.

Cold weather or
world pleaseth
none.

Cold is the aire, the open field and towne
Then court must needs, wax colder than it was
It seems wise world, cares not for vaine renowne
As world doth come, a Gods name let it passe
Though charitie, growe thrife as cold as glasse
A warmer time, in better tune may bring
This hard cold age, when comes a sommer spring.

Cold aire kills
sometime found
and sicke.

Cold snow is not, so good as luke warme milke
Hot sun doth melt, cold frost and cakes of ice
Thicke frise surmounts, a thin cloke linde with filke
Furde gowne exceeds, cold cloth of prethous price
Warme loue lasts long, cold fauour growes full nice
With warme good will, we win great wordlie good
The fire burns best, where most ye clap on wood.

Cold loue quick-
lie takes leaue.

Both flame and fire, goes out in weather cold
Where neither coles, nor wood mantaines the heat
And heat is that, contents both yoong and old
For in the same, our sweete delight is great
Most men feeds best, with good warme drinke or meat
Cold breeds worst blod, and hardlie doth digest
Bicause cold things, lies belching long in brest.

Cold

Cold fortune kills, the strongest man that liues
Cold countenance cuts, the throte ere we be ware
Cold poison drinke, a quicke dispatch it giues
Cold cramps dries vp, the fences where they are
Cold limbs waxe lame, and breeds diseases rare
Thus cold mars all, then warmth God send vs now
That curie part, of man feele comfort throw.

Cold fortune kills
any man liuing.

Cold food is faint, vnto weake stomachs still
Warne broths keeps health, in perfect sound estate
Warne daies we wish, cold bitter aire is ill
Cold blasts be nought, sharpe blustering storms we hate
Sweetly sun shines, in world earlie or late
Cold quicklie caught, goes seldome soone away
And long cold nights, kills some before the day.

Cold food is
comfortles and
hard to digest.

Cold drie hard frost, makes thousands seeke for fire
Warne meate giues sprect, to either sicke or sound
Cold hungrie baites, makes many a horse to tire
Warne clouts and clothes, doth comfort curie wound
No fruit thrives well, where cold doth much abound
The warmth doth ioy, both spring and fall of lease
Makes dead things quicke, delights both dum & deafe

Cold hungrie
baies may kill a
horse.

Yea blind and lame, and all that life doth beare
Are glad of heate, then cold is out of grace
Cold words God wot, when meaning scarce is there
Kills many a man, in court or any place
O wold to God, warme deeds did show his face
That charitie, hir whois effect may show
On those that needs, which knows not where to goe

Cold words
makes a man de-
perate.

A colder season
in all forts was
 neuer scene.

A colder time, in world was neuer scene
The skies do lowre, the sun and moone waxe dim
Sommer scarce knowne, but that the leaues are greene
The winters waste, driues water ore the brim
Vpon the land, great fletes of wood may swim
Nature thinks scorne, to do hir dutie right
Because we haue, displeasde the Lord of light.

Cold words and
workes makes
many a heauy
hart,

Cold works, cold words, cold world and al things cold
Showes death drawes neer, and then a deep cold graue
Such hard cold hap, may make a yong man old
Or old gray beard, become a galle slaue
Well let them loose, that can ne win nor saue
The state of man, on strange hap hazard lies
As one fals downe, so doth another rise.

Cold winter
may bring some
summer daies,

If charitie, would once bespread hir raies
As Phœbus showes, abroad his shining beames
Or winter cold, would bring some sommer daies
And rid vs soone, from all these great extreames
Then shee dies not, but haplie sleeps and dreames
Now waken hir, that haue most powre to speake
I haue tane cold, and so my voice growes weake.

Warre loue
may awaken cha-
ritie againe.

You whose cleer speech, doth loud as trumpet sound
And may command, the world, the skies and stars
And rules at beck, the massie earth so round
Sets orders downe, and can make peace and wars
And hath the force, to breake big iron bars
Call charitie, for loue once home againe
That shee may heare, hir people poore complaine.

My

Churchyards Charitie.

23

My breath but bores, a hole within the aire
My date neer don, calls for a shrouding sheet
My darke dim daies, looks for no weather faire
Mine eies can scarce, look to my stumbling feet
My wounted muse, forsakes my drowping spreet
My books and scroules, and all that I haue wrot
Hides now their heads, as I were cleane forgot.

The authors
breath is so cold
as do any good.

When aged yeers, shoves death amid my face
My words are of, small credit in this plite
My hap and hope, is in a better place
Wherefore of world, I plainly speake and write
And ere I goe, discharge my conscience quite
To win the wife, and loose the fonder sort
That vnto quicke, nor dead yeelds good report.

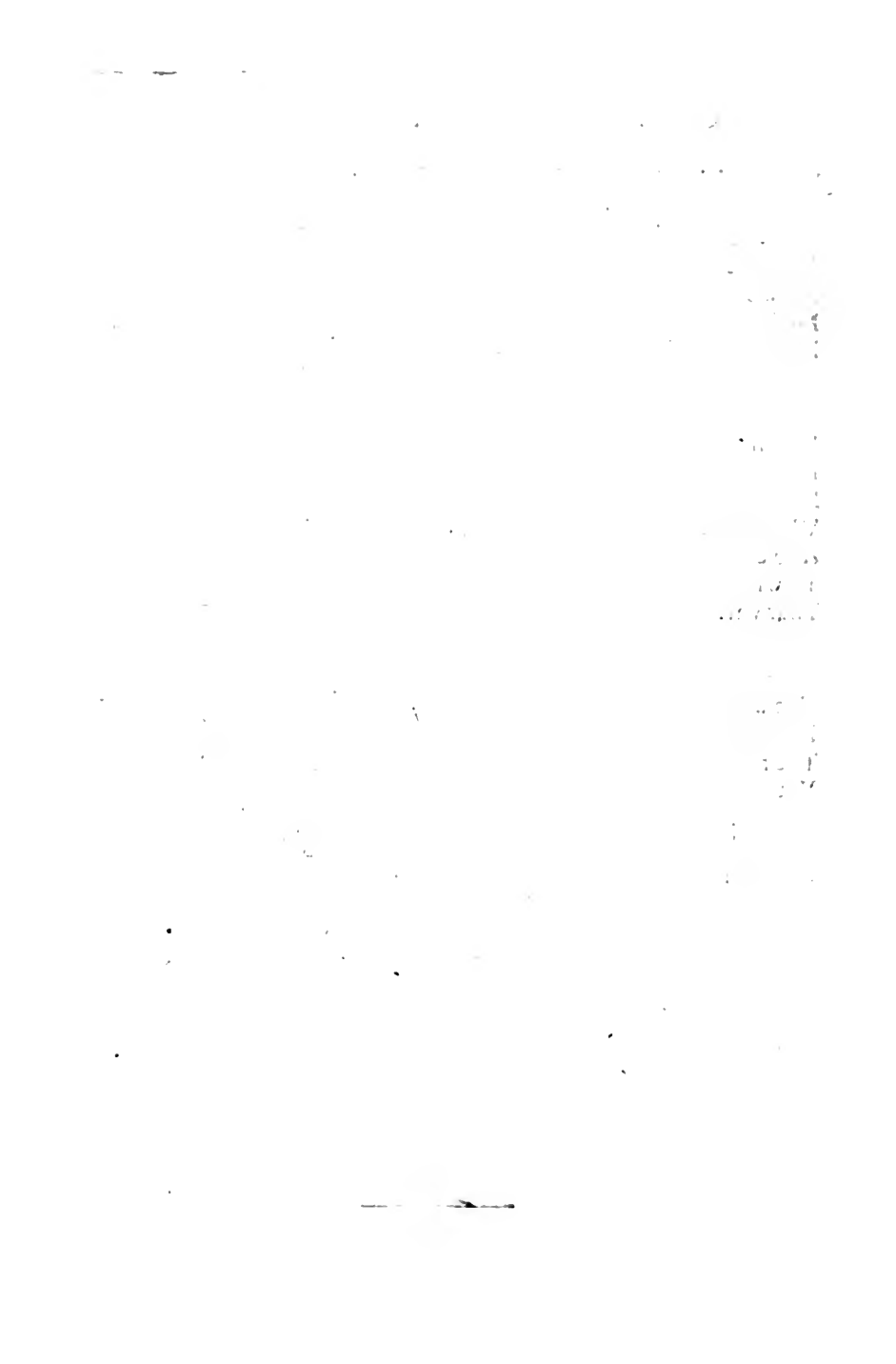
Aged yeers
shoves death
at hand.

The wise well won, waies ech thing as it ought
Mistakes no terme, nor sentence wrests awrie
The fond will read, awhile but cares for nought
Yet casts on ech, mans works a frowning eie
This neither treats, of matters lowe nor hie
But finds a meane, that ech good meaning might
In all true meanes, take charitie aright.

Labor is well
flowed when
wise men are
wroth.

P I N I S

E s

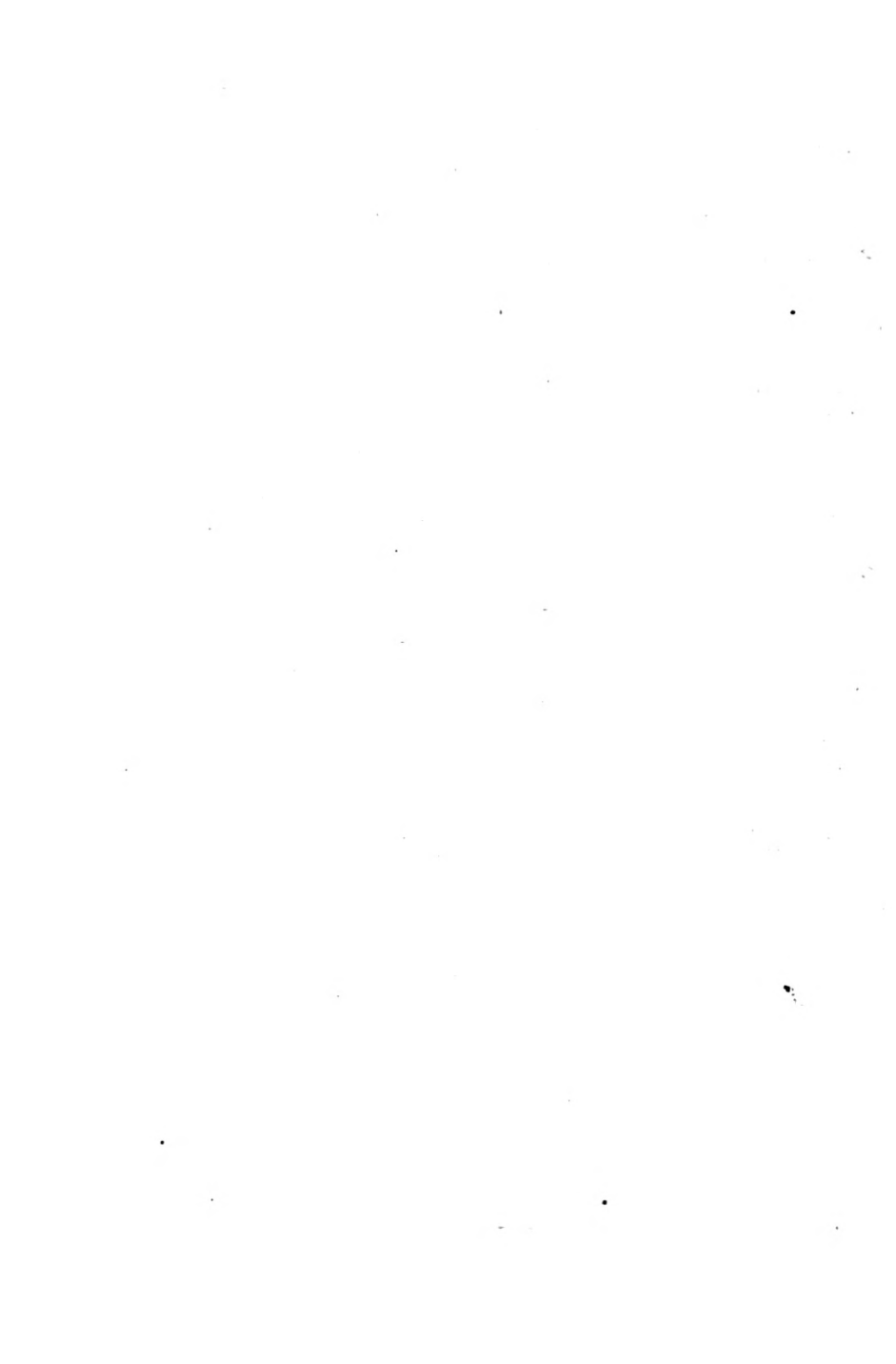


A PRAISE OF
POETRIE.



Imprinted at London, by
*Ar. Hatfield, for William
Holme.*

1595.



A praise of Poetrie, some notes therof drawn
out of the Apologie, the noble minded
Knight, sir Phillip Sidney
wrote.

WHen world was at the very woorst
And vice did much abound
And for offence the earth was curst
Yet charitie was found.

Among the wise and woorthie sort
Who euer had good chance
with treble fame, by their report
True vertue did aduance.

The Poets and Philosophers
Stept first on stately stage
And plaid their parts with hazards great
In euery world and age.

In eury age while wits of men
Could iudge the good from bad
Who gat the gift of tooing or pen
Of world great honor had.

Good Poets were in hie esteeme,
When lea.ning grew in price
Their vertue and their verse did seeme
A great rebuke to vice.

With blunt base people of small sence
They fall now in disdaine
But Sydneys booke in their defence
Doth raise them vp againe.

And

And sets them next Diuines in ranke
 As members meete and fit
 To strike the worlds blinde boldnes blanke
 And whet the bluntest wit.

Heere followes Histories good store
 That much thereof shall tell
 If paines may purchase thanks therefore
 My hope is answerd well.

Amphyon and
 Orpheus Poets
 and excellent
 musitions.

AMphyons gift and grace was great
 In Thebes old stories saie
 And beasts and birds would leaue their meate
 To heare Orpheus plaie.

Liuius, Androni-
 cus, and Ennius.

In Rome were three of peereles fame
 That florisht in their daies
 Which three did beare the onely name
 Of knowledge, skill and praise.

Dant, Bocace,
 and Petrarke.

In Italy of yore did dwell
 Three men of spechall spreete
 Whose gallant stiles did sure excell
 Their verses were so sweete.

Marrot, Ron-
 sart, and de
 Baitas.

In France three more of fame we finde
 Whose bookes do well declare
 They beautifide their stately minde
 With inward vertues rare.

Goore, Chauser,
 and the noble
 earle of Surrye.

In England liued three great men
 Did Poetrie aduance
 And all they with the gift of pen
 Gaue glorious world a glance.

In Scotland finde we other twaine
Were writers of good woorth
Whose studies through their Poets vaine
Brought many verses forth.

Davy Lindzey
and Buchananus.

In Ireland to this present time
Where learning is not mich
With Poetrie in verse or rime
Their language they enrich.

They honor and
make much of
their rimers.

In Wales the very remnant yet
Of Brittain bloud and race
They honor men of spelhall wit
And giues a Poet grace.

In Wales they
call their rimers
Bardes.

Albinus long that rained heere
Made verses in his youth
And in his age as doth appeere
With verse auancst the truth.

Albinus loued
poetrie much.

Among the sauage Indians still
(Who knowes no ciuill thing)
They honor writers of some skill
Their parents liues to sing.

The rude Indi-
ans make much
of their rimers.

Among the anhent noble Danes
And Saxsons long ago
We read of many Poets names
Whose woorthy wits did flo.

The Danes and
Saxsons had ma-
ny poets among
them.

The graue wise learned men of Greece
Durst neuer shew their art
Till those Philosophers presumd
To plaie the Poets part.

In Greece their
best philosophers
at the first be-
came poets.

Thales, Empe-
docles, and Par-
menides.

Some sang in verse, their naturall
Philosophie we finde
And in sweete songs heroicall
Exprest their secret minde.

Pithagoras and
Phosphides.

So morall counsels vtred were
In that same selfe sweete sort
Thus Poets flourish eury where
As stories makes report.

Tartarus.

And marshall matters in those daies
Were song and set aloft
So some the art of warre did raise
Vnto the skies full oft.

Sibillas propheties in verse
Were alwaies vtred well
The oracles of Delphos to
In verse would woonders tell.

Solon that wrote
the fable of the
Atlantick Iland.

In pollicies wise Solon plaid
The Poet fundrie waies
Good things were better soong than said
Which gaind immortall praise.

Plato a diuine
philosopher did
floupe to poetrie.

Plato tooke Solons works in hand
And plaid the Poet right
And set that Atlantike Iland
Full plaine before our sight.

Herodotus.

The Booke of Herodotus bore
A famous title fine
(Yea such as none did giue before)
Of all the muses nine.

Domician

A praise of Poetrie.

31

Domician was a Poet rare
And did therein excell
So many princes now there are
That loueth Poetrie well.

Domician Vaspasians sonne, as Plinie saith was an excellent poet.

Three conquerours of mightie powre
Gaue Poets such a grace
That they would neuer frowne nor lowre
On them in any case.

Alexander, Caesar and Scipio.

As Plutarke saith, a tyrant wept
A tragedie to heare
Who sawe his murthring minde thereby
As in a glas full cleere.

Alexander Phereus wept at a tragedy.

Amid a great reuolt in Rome
A woorthie Poet stood
And told of bodie and the minde
A tale that did much good.

Menenius Agrippa a philosopher made peace among the people in an vprore.

Two Poets turnd a tyrants hart
From rigour vnto ruth
And wrought him with their wits and art
To fauour right and truth.

Simonides and Pyndarius made Hiero a iust king.

Nathan did faine a tale indeed
To Dauid when he fell
Whereon the king rooke such great heed
He saw his follie well.

Nathan spake of a lambe vngraciously taken from his bolome.

In Dauids Psalms true miter floc
(And songs of Sallomon)
Where great delite and pleasure groes
Arc woorthie looking on.

Dauid and Sallomon deuine poets.

Platoes dialog
called Ion.

A dialogue that Plato made
Gives Poets great renowne
Brings ech rare wit to sun from shade
To weare the laurell crowne.

Lelius a Roman
& Socrates both
were poets.

True stories old with new delite
Shall fill your harts and eares
For they of Poets praises write
Their books good witnes beares.

James the first
that was king of
Scotland, and K.
James the sixt
now reigning,
great poets.

If aunthent authors and great kings
No credit gets herein
Darke-sight sees not no stately things
That doth great glory win.

The Greeke So-
crates put A fops
fables into verse,
and Aristotle
wrote the art
of poetrie.

Plucke vp cleere iudgement from the pit
Of poore espreet and sence
And wipe the slime from slubbred wit
And looke on this defence.

Emperors, kings,
captains, and Se-
nators were po-
ets, and fauoured
the art.

That Sydney makes, a matchles worke
A matter fresh and new
That did long while in silence lurke
And seldome came to view.

Adrian and So-
phocles great
poets.

He calls them Poets that embrace
True vertue in hir kinde
And do not run with rimes at bace
With wanton blotted minde.

If our neerer
me, the patrons
of poetrie, Robert
of Cicell and
the great Frances
of France.

All idle verse he counts but vaine
Like cracks of thorns in fire
Or summer showrs of sleete or raine
That turns drie dust to mire.

These

A praise of Poetrie.

33

These rurall rymes are but the scum
And froth that flies from seas
Or doth from some sharpe humor come
That breeds a new disease.

Cardinal Bem-
bus and Bibiena.

In braine that beats about the skull
And so brings foorth a toye
(When muffle or moone is at the full)
Of paines or pleasing ioye.

Famous teachers
and preachers,
Beza and Me-
landon.

Like long wingd hauke, doth Poet fore
Ore mountaine or hie trees
And loud as cannon can he rore
At ech vice that he sees.

Learned philo-
sophers Fraca-
storius and Scap-
liger.

His scope as hie as reasons reach
May clime in order due
Not to giue counsell nor to teach
But to write fancies new.

Great and good
orators Pontanus
and Muretus.

Of this or that as matter mooues
A well disposed minde
That vice doth hate and vertue loues
And he good cause doth finde.

And beyond all
these, the hospi-
tal of France be-
ing builded on
vertue, gave po-
ets a singular
commendation.

So ruling pen as duties bounds
Be kept in cury part
For when the Poet trumpet sounds
It must be done by art.

As though a sweete confort should plaie
On instruments most fine
And shew their musicke cury waie
With daintie notes diuine.

Alexander kept
the bookes of
Homer in Dar-
ius his Jewell casket.

Ech

Menander the
comicke poet
being sent for by
embassadors of
Macedonia and
Ægypt preferred
the conscience of
learning before
kinglie fortunes.

Ech string in tune as concord were
The guide of all the glee
Whose harmonie must please the eare
With musicke franke and free.

The Poets Lyra must be strung
With wire of siluer sound
That all his verses may be sung
With maidens in a round.

Augustus Cæsar
wrote familiar e-
pistles vnto Ho-
race, which Ho-
race in his life
was aduanced to
the tribuneship
of soldiers, and
when he died he
left Augustus Cæ-
sar his heire.

So chaste and harmles should they be
As words from preachers voice
With spiced speech in ech degree
Wherein good men reioice.

Not farfed full of follies light
That beares ne poies nor weight
But flying cleere in aire like flight
Whose force mounts vp an height.

And seems to pearce the cloudie skies
Such poets Sidney likes
Whose gentle wind makes dust arise
As hie as morice pikes.

Virgil entering
the colledge of
poets in Rome,
the rest of the
poets there did
more reuerence
to him than to
the emperor, and
when he came in-
to the senate the
senators likewise
did so.

That lifts aloft the soldiers hart
Who doth aduance the same
And bends his bodie in ech part
Thereby to purchase fame.

The sword and lance of marshall men
Their Lions courage shoues
The poets with their wit and pen
Tels where their furie flows.

They

They both are knowne as soone as scene
As things of great import
The one may verie far ore weene
The other in some sort.

Stands on his honor sundrie waies
And offreth life therefore
The poet seekes no more but praise
As poets did of yore.

Whose words strooke dead the stoutest groomes
That euer were in place
And sweeped cleane like new made broomes.
The foulest cause or case.

As water washeth ech thing white
And sope might scoure withall
The canker of foule worlds delite
(More sharpe than bitter gall.)

So poets with plaine terms makes cleane
The foulest conscience liues
And by good words from vice doth weane
(Through counsell that it giues.)

The childest wit and churlisht mind
Lo then how poets may
Both alter maners and bad kind
To frame a better way.

Of heauens and the highest throne
Where God himselfe doth sit
Good poets still should treat alone
To shoue rheir flowing wit.

David sung the
Liricke verses to
his harp and
thole ebrue songs
consisted of di-
uers feet and vn-
equall numbers,
sometime in Iam-
bikes running
other while.

Infapicks sweet-
ling again in halfe
a foote amiably
halting.

Salomon in the
gardens of En-
gadda framed
songs to his
harpe which
then was a hea-
uently musicke.

Jeremie wrote
his funerall
lamentations in
saphicks long
before Simonides
the Greeke poet.

As by their muse they caried were
Beyond our sight or vew
Into a fine and purer aire
Or sheshall climat new.

Where all things are as cleane as gold
From furnace to the stamp
So poets should this world behold
And shine as cleer as lamp.

Isaias wrote sa-
cred Odes & ho-
lic verses, and for
remembering the
mysteries of god
therein, a tyrant
king caused him
to be sawed a
sunder.

That light doth giue to eury eie
Which doth in darknes dwell
And glorie shew of heauens hie
To damned spreets of hell.

Which darknes in a dungeon keeps
From sight of vertues lore
Where ignorance in slumber sleeps
Like dunse for euetmore.

The song of Sy-
drack and his
fellowes in the
hot flame was
in verse.

Sir Philip Sydney praiseth those
Whose waking wits doth see
The depth and ground of verse or prose
And speakes with iudgement free.

Moses by some
men is thought
the first deuiser
of verse, and his
sister Marie de-
uised the exa-
meter, and by it to
haue glorified
Iehoua.

Of all the matters vnder sun
Both secrets hie and lowe
And ouer them with pen can run
As far as skill can goe.

Sift eury word and sentence well
And cast away the bran
To shew the kernell, crack the shell
In peeces now and than.

That

That curie one shall taste the nut
Or see where worme hath fed
And shoot an arrowe at the but
And drawe it to the head.

Like archer that can hit the white
And win the wager straight
With cunning knowledge and delite
And subtle sence and slaight.

Which looks into the world so round
And searcheth eury place
To see what may be easlie found
Or spoke of ech mans case.

To rime and roue in retchles fort
He counted reuell rash
As whip doth make a horse to snort
When carter giues a lash.

So ballet makers doth with wind
Stir vp a hieue of bees
And of the abundance of vaine mind
With words in aire he flees.

As though it were a thunder crack
That neuer brings forth raine
But daillie threatens rune and wrack
With ratling rumors vaine.

Vaine commedies that flirs vp vice
He did condemne and hate
He holds that babble of no price
That doth infect a state.

Aufonius a french
man and poete,
schoolemaster to
Gracianus the
Emperor was an
orator and con-
sul of Rome ther-
fore.

Homer writes
that Achilles
sonne of Peleus
was a singular li-
ricke poet, sing-
ing and plaiing
the noble deeds
of cheeftaines.

G

Corrupts

Linus of Thebes
a most ancient
poet, he was the
sonne of Mercuri
and wrote the
course of the
sun, moone, and
spheres in excel
lent verse.

Corrupts with words good maners still
Offends both eie and eare
Brings in loose life by customs ill
And takes away true feare

Of God and man, such Poets leud
Were banisht and exilde
Because with foule condishons threud
Their country they defilde.

Tiberius Nero
the Emperor a
poet, and Lucan
his tresorer a po
et on a publike
theater they
shewed the tra
gedie Orpheus.

Good Poets were in eury age
Made of and nourisht well
They were the floures of gardens gaie
That gaue the goodly smell.

The true forewarners of great things
That after did befall
The ioy of godly vertuous kings
And honest subiects all.

Our age and former fathers daies
(Leaue Goore and Chauser out)
Hath brought forth heere but few to praise
Search all our soyle about.

Adrianus, Angu
stus Emperor a
poet and preser
uer of poetrie.

Yet of all those that newly wrote
In prose or verse of late
Let Sydney weare (for stile of state)
The garland lawreate.

Julianus Empe
rator and Caius
Iulius Cesar.

His bookes makes many bookes to blush
They shew such sence and wit
Our dribbers shoots nor woorth a rush
When he the marke doth hit.

His

A praise of Poetrie.

39

His phraſe is ſifted like fine flour
That maketh manchet bread
Sweet cury where and nothing ſoure
That flowes from Sydneys head.

Oppianus of
great nobiliſe.

Sweete dewe dropt out of Sydneys quill
As raine great moyſture ſhoes
And from his muſe there did diſtill
A liquor ſweete as roſe.

Sextus Aurelius
Propertius one of
the Dedicie.

Aquintefence, a ſpirit of wine
Naie Ne&ar better namde
A breuage for the Gods deuine
Of compounds made and framde.

Scenica a ſpaniſh
knight Neros
ſchoolemaſter.

That whofocuer drinks thereon
Immortall ſhall be made
His books he left to looke vpon
When we in worldly ſhade

Sophocles and
Pericles,

Sits mumping cury houre of daie
And ſcarce knows where we are
Our braines like bucke doth ſtande at baie
Beſet about with care.

Emilius Scaurus,
a man of noble
parentage.

Of this or that when Sydneys books
Cals vp a drowping gholt
For whofocuer thereon looks
(With worldly troubles toſt)

Anacreon of
Theios with Pol-
lucrates king of
the Samians.

He ſhall finde quietnes thereby
And Chriſtian comfort great
Woorth all the treaſure vnder ſkie
It climes to Ioues hic ſeat.

G 2

And

Aratus all his life
time hued with
Antigonus.

And sits among the Angels sweet
Where psalmes and himnes are sung
And all base humors vnder feet
Are out of fauor flung.

Lucius Cecillius,
Cæsar's play
fellowe.

The poets that can clime the cloudes
Like ship boy to the top
When sharpest stormes do shake the shroudes
Sets ware to sale in shop.

Cirrus the poet
treasurer of the
Emperor Theodocius, and Ap-
trician.

Of heauenly things that earthly men
Can scarcely vnderstand
Did not our Chausers golden pen
(That beautifide this land.)

Publius and Faberius compani-
ons with Iulius
Cæsar.

Reach to the sunne and highest star
And toucht the heauens all
A poets knowledge goes so far
That it to mind can call.

Arian the poet of
Periander king of
Corinth.

Each wonder since this world began
And what was seene in skies
A poet is no common man
He lookes with Argos eyes.

Facullides with
Iulianus the Em-
perour.

Like Linx throw steele or stonie wals
No secret scapes his sight
Of future time and what befalls
In world by day or night.

Claylian: his
tomb to be
honoured
by Honorius and
Arcadius. Lope-
1013.

He sees and somtimes writes thereof
When scornfull people scowle
And makes of earnest words a scoffe
Or gals taite speeches fowle.

Our

A praise of Poetrie.

41

Our countrie breeds vp Poets still
As grasse springs from good ground
For there doth flourish learned skill
Where knowledge doth abound.

Looke what our elders wits did sowe
Or left behinde in heapes
Our age and haruest people mowe
Or with sharpe sickle reapes.

The seede of sence, faire fruit brings foorth
In feeld a thousand fold
And is in value price and woorth
More prethous than the gold.

What can be counted foule or cleane
But Poets thereon talke
Yet thousands knowes not what they meane
When they in cloud will walke.

As from the fountaine water flocs
(Conuaid by gushing pipe)
So from the pen of Poet goes
Fine words and sentence ripe.

That ech good minde may well digest
As sweete as honie sure
His termes are taken with the best
If verse be neate and pure.

As riders whisking wand doth scare
The horse whereon he sits
So wrangling people curie where
At verses vex their wits.

Æschiron in his
whole military
expedition, famo-
lous with Alexan-
der.

If

Mafonides hono-
red of Adrian the
Emperor.

If any writer touch the gall
In pastime be it fed
Then downe coms tressels house and all
Vpon the poore mans head.

Yet wise men will good words embrace
And take each thing in worth
And giue each word and line a grace
That poets do set forth.

Ariosto liked of
all good wits.

Diuine du Bartas merits ~~praise~~
Most excellent verse he wrote
So sundrie writers in our daies
Haue done full well of late.

In Spensers morall fairie Queene
And Daniels rosie mound
If they be throwly waied and seen
Much matter may be found.

Torquator Tasso
an Italian knight
and poet laureate
who departed
from obliuion to
immortalitie
this last Aprill
1595. whose
memorie shall
neuer vanish.

One Barnes that Petrarks scholler is
May march with them in ranke
A learned Templers name I mis
Whose pen deserues great thanke.

A number more writs well indeed
They spring vp newly now
As gazing world their works shall reed
So shall world praise them throw.

But sure my noble Sidneies skill
I neuer can forget
To him my seruice and good will
Shall euer dwell in det.

Of learned lore the onely light
Which blazde like lampe most cleere
And as a star in moone shine night
Could vnder cloud appeer.

Seemd dim and darke to dazled eies
But faire and bright to those
That vnderstood the stately gife
Of learned verse or prose.

Could crack the nut or nall
And shew the kernell plaine
For by his works who notes them well
In world he liues againe.

The booke that doth of poets treat
In golden robes so shines
It triumphes still with honor great
Among the best diuines.

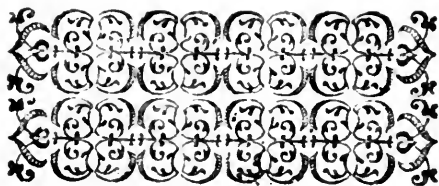
Which booke deckt vp in trim attire
Of authors wise and graue
In matters of mine owne desire
Great light to poetrie gaue.

And made me write of poets praise
Thus so to starrie skie
My Sidneies honor heere I raise
As far as fame can flie.

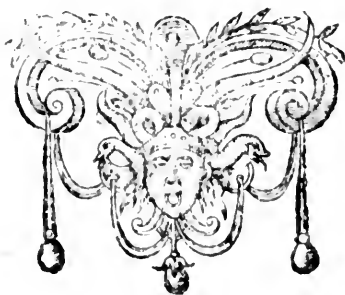
Mounfieur De-
uerceux a young
Bishop at this
day living in
France, account-
ed now the singu-
lar man in Europ
for verse and poe-
ticall deuises.

Sir Phillip Sid-
neys appology.

F I N I S.



My next Booke comes out shortlie : dedica-
ted to my Honorable woorthy friende,
Master HENRIE BROOKE, sonne
and heire to the noble Lord
COBHAM.



147 CHURCHYARD (THOMAS). A MUSICAL CONSORT OF HEAVENLY
harmonie (compounded out of manie parts of Musicke) called Chvrch-
yards Charitie. *Titles within ornamental borders.*

Imprinted at London, by Ar. Hatfield, for William Holme, 1595

Small 4to, green morocco, gilt back, sides with heavy gilt borders, gilt edges, by C. Lewis. Margins of first title-page restored, affecting one corner of border; border on second title and several catch-words cut into; some marginal repairs in several other leaves.

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[Continued on page 56]

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